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Editor

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THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY

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Gleanings from the Field

The Rev. Fred S. Buschmeyer
Director of the Department of the Ministry

GILBERT and Sullivan's constabulary force was agreed in proclaiming that "A policeman's lot is not a happy one." If there had been a Department of the Ministry in those days, I think the line would have run, "The Director's lot is a most interesting one."

Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins, as Editor of our MINISTER'S QUARTERLY for lo these many years, has been whispering rather persistently in my ear that I should be using the pages of THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY for sharing information about current moods and developments as observed in the course of fulfilling the duties of my office. I feel the force of his suggestion, for there was a day when Dr. Atkins himself could bring just this kind of knowledge of "things that were happening" to the attention of the rest of the Fellowship. In these later years, he still enriches the experiences of his brethren by the spiritual insight and the literary quality which he brings to all his writings for THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY. Since mine is the opportunity to move about the brethren in these days, however, I am happy to follow Dr. Atkins' suggestion in trying to pass on to my brethren some gleanings from the field.

The Future of the QUARTERLY

Perhaps the first observation to be made should be the one which again has come from Dr. Atkins from the same circumstances just referred to. For at least a year, Dr. Atkins has been insisting that we should find a new editorial board for THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY in order that the full round of activities and programs being carried on by Congregational Christian ministers could be reported and shared by men who were exercising active leadership in the field today. We have been reluctant to follow this suggestion because of our deep apprciation of all that Dr. Atkins has been able to bring and can still bring to his task as Editor of the QUARTERLY. Our present hope is that we may be able to achieve both of these values by asking Dr. Atkins to continue as our Literary Editor and by inviting a number of other men to serve as editors for sections of the QUARTERLY dealing with Seminary faculty and students' interests, Commission on the Ministry interests, State Conference Committee on the Ministry plans and programs, observations and comments from the Asciates in Reading and Study, and the Chaplains' Fellowship. We expect that the next issue of the QUARTERLY may make a start toward this kind of a revision in the general format of THE MINISTER'S QUARTERLY. Suggestions along these lines from you as a minister of the Fellowship will be most welcome, so do not hesitate "to speak your mind" if you have a contribution to make.

The Summer Schools for Pastors

It was my good fortune to spend a week at the Western Pastors' School at La Foret, Colorado, this last summer. Those of our Fellowship who have not had the privilege of spending a month at either Deering or La Foret in one of these Pastors' Schools, maintained under the auspices of the Board of Home Missions, would certainly be well advised to investigate these opportunities for a

month's recreative experience in study and fellowship. They come about as close as possible to the advantages to be gained by a six months' leave of absence to take a semester's course in one of our regular seminaries, and have the added advantage of a rural setting and daily fellowship with men who are serving in the same denominational Fellowship.

Seminary Visitations

In the month of October, I have had the opportunity to visit three seminaries little known to perhaps the majority of our brethren; viz., Duke Divinity School in Durham, North Carolina; Vanderbilt School of Religion in Nashville, Tennessee; and Eden Theological Seminary in St. Louis, Missouri. At Vanderbilt (where our Atlanta Seminary Foundation is a part of the School of Religion), we have only two Congregational Christian students enrolled this semester; but in both Duke and Eden we were pleasantly surprised to find half a dozen Congregational Christian men enrolled. My first impression would be that there are intriguing possibilities for men living in other sections of the country to become acquainted with the fine scholarship and fellowship made available through these seminaries located in the more southerly areas of our country.

By the time the next issue of the QUARTERLY appears, I will be able to make report on general conditions found in my visits to Bangor, Harvard, Boston University, Andover-Newton, Hartford, Yale, Union, Oberlin, Chicago and Yankton.

The Chaplaincy Situation at the present time

The following memo was sent recently to men of the Chaplains' Fellowship and to others enlisted in the Reserves of the Army, Navy or Air Force. It may prove of general interest to the rest of the brethren in giving a rather succinct picture of the present military situation so far as Chaplains are concerned.

I. Our Congregational Christian Chaplains on active duty in the various branches of the Armed Forces at the present moment are as follows: Army 26, Air Force 19, Navy 21.

II. Future Requirements as seen at present:

Army

Under the present ceiling, the Army has asked us for only one additional Chaplain up to the present time. We were a little over our quota up to August. In my visit to Washington last week, I was unable to get from the Army any actual figures on our likely requirements in the next 6 months, but putting various remarks together and drawing my own conclusion, I would imagine that the Army may ask for from 6 to 10 men in the next 6 months.

Air Forces

The Air Force Chaplaincy Office told me that in October they would recall two Congregational Christian men already endorsed and in November would recall three more. They indicated that by June of 1951 we would probably be called upon for another 14 men.

Navy

Whereas both the Army and the Air Force are now recalling reserves on an involuntary basis (which means that no resignations are being accepted) the Navy is still operating upon a basis of voluntary recall to active duty, and are allowing resignations from those men not already attached to some organized reserve unit, in order that they may be sure of the men they have available for recall should they have to move to an involuntary recall basis.

III. I am enclosing the latest recruiting material received from the Navy. I am told that the Army will issue a new set of regulations replacing their 1948 orders sometime in the near future.

IV. General Comments—One of the reasons that it is difficult to get direct and complete information from the Chief

of Chaplains' Office for the Army is that their recall program is being carried out according to the needs and policies of the various Army areas. This decentralization policy has been put into effect in order to assure a fairer geographic distribution of men recalled to active duty.

Lieutenants up to age 42 and Captains up to age 44 are now considered eligible for recall. All recalled officers are now placed in Category IV.

In the recruiting program, it is no longer required that a man have three years of pastoral experience. The new requirement simply states that the Christian ministry shall be his full-time life vocation. Neither the Army nor the Air Force now require ecclesiastical endorsement for men recalled to active duty on an involuntary basis. The annual Reserve status endorsement stands.

The Navy states that it is accepting its volunteers only up to the rank of Lieutenant Commander and none 50 years of age or over. They indicate that at the present moment all Protestant quotas are filled save for those of the Disciples and the Southern Baptists.

My observation would be that we would all do well to keep our eyes open for possible recruits to the Chaplaincy during the next 6 months.

I hope this information will help both to answer questions and to prepare men eligible for recall for whatever changes may lie ahead.

With continued prayerful hope that military requirements will not grow beyond the proportions already outlined, and with most cordial wishes for strength and success to each and everyone of you in your respective fields of service.

The Romance of Cycling

The Rev. Harry R. Butman

Pastor of the Church at Dedham, Massachusetts

ON the evening of September 25th, the misty moon, as seen from the environs of Dedham, had a bluish tinge, and this prodigy was proper, since on that day the editor of this staid theological journal had asked me to do an article on bicycling, and such a request could only occur coincidentally with so rare a lunar phenomenon. Now as an inveterate wheelman, I could not refuse the assignment, yet as a slavish creature of homiletic pattern, I could not properly get under way without the blessing of a text. The best I could do was Ezekiel 10:13, "As for the wheels, it was cried . . . in my hearing, O wheel." This wrenching of the Word to fit a theme troubled me at first, but I comforted myself with the thought that I have seen many an honest text of Scripture more outrageously tortured, and this, moreover, in the sacred confines of the pulpit. So for an essay, let it stand.

There is an esthetic of cycling, though it is yet unwritten. The nearest approach to it is to be found in that portion of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in which Holmes puts forth his apologia for rowing. He describes in loving detail the lines and grace of his cedar shell, speaks penetratingly of the kinesthetic delights of mild or vigorous exercise, and adds: "I dare not publicly name the rare joys, the infinite delights, that intoxicate me on some sweet June morning, when river and bay are smooth as a sheet of beryl-green silk, and I run along ripping it up with my knife-edged shell of a boat, the rent closing after me like those wounds of Angels which Milton tells us of, but the seam still shining for many a long rood behind me." Precisely this sort of thing

may be experienced by the cyclist on a lonely lane when spring is fully come and sunlight and shadow dapple the dark road, and the chief sound above the whir of the wheels is the frantic scratching of claws as the red squirrels race vertically heavenward to escape the glittering monster which has whirled noiselessly down upon them. Or he may know it in the chill of a November twilight as he pedals homeward through an ambient threat that is somehow tinged with anticipation.

But if a man wants to know the joys of cycling he must have a wheel. And he cannot find one in the ordinary hardware store or mail-order catalogue. The only commercial American wheel worth riding is the Schwinn Paramount, or the custom-built jobs which a few makers will tailor as carefully to your personal specifications as Brooks Brothers will tailor a suit. My own wheel is a Raleigh Record Ace. It has served me many thousand miles, and, barring an accident, will outlast this mortal frame of mine. Truly fine bicycles are cunningly assembled of tough light alloys, they weigh little more than twenty pounds, they have fish-tailed and cutaway lugs, double-butted spokes, duralumin fittings and many other esoteric advantages, concerning the nature and function of which adepts will endlessly discourse and debate.

I

It is not unfair to say that a fine bicycle is like a violin. About 1874 the modern wheel received its form, and most of what has been added since is the contribution of metallurgy (that devil's science which flourishes best in time of war). The basic pattern of a fine wheel is as fixed as the proportions of a Strad, the hull lines of a clipper ship, or the structure of a sonnet. Even in these days of mechanical advance, it is something of an absolute, for its efficiency ratio is phenomenal. A man can produce as a sustained output of power over a day's time, about one tenth of one horsepower. S. Ferris of England in 1938 wheeled 465.7 miles in twenty-four hours, and later Hugh Opperman of Australia did a fantastic 500 miles plus. I lack the precise data. Al LeTourner, a few years ago, rode a paced mile at the rate of 107.8 miles per hour. If you will compare these figures with the distances and speeds you make with your hundred horsepower car, you will begin to have an idea of the astonishing efficiency of the bicycle as a scientific machine. (And when, after long training, you ride your first "century," your first hundred-mile run, you will have something like veneration for the physical prowess of the men whose records have here been cited.)

The fears of such giants are not, to be sure, for plump pastors. Yet no man who reads this ought to feel that he is barred from the fun of cycling because while he has the means to buy a wheel—brace yourself when you ask for the prices on really good ones—he lacks legs, lungs and heart to push one. I used to meet, riding in a park, a retired man of about 65, whose singular amusement it was to ride a hundred miles a day, five days a week. He was a little brown leaf of a man, and, I suspect, a trifle fey, since he circled the same five-mile course world without end. I also knew a pastor and his wife in their forties who took up cycling and became rather good riders.

II

On the whole ministers live a long while, to be sure, but in terms of muscle tone and general condition, may have something to seek. Much of this softness, of course, is due to the car, which tempts a man to use gasoline instead of oxygen for fuel on trips of over four hundred yards. It would do us good deliberately to subject ourselves to physically hardening experiences. I am an avid reader of John Buchan's novels, and I incidentally commend to a man who wants escape literature of the highest type the works of the great Scotch novelist and statesman, who was Governor-General of Canada with the title of Lord Tweedsmuir at the time of his death. Buchan's pet heroes, Sandy Clanroyden, Charles La-

Mancha, Archie Roylance, and Sir Edward Leithen, have this in common: that they esteem the soft life as the devil's pet tool for degeneration, and they are constantly setting out, despite their four, five, and more decades, to climb mountains, cross deserts, and hunt man, "the most dangerous game," under all sorts of hazardous conditions, merely to give themselves a hard time. And I read in another Book that it is well to endure hardship like a good soldier for a greater cause than the self.

It is a wholesome thing to make contact with the world of physical punishment. Infrequently does our work cause us to know aching legs, weary arms, exhausted lungs, and we are the worse, spiritually, for the lack. Our exertions should be undertaken, of course, with a knowledge of the durability of our internal machinery. A "century" against a strong northwest wind is no task for a man with a weak heart. But the normal man of middle life can toughen himself so that he can take a punishment that is good for his soul as well as his body. In cycling one can follow the ascetic urge without haircloth shirt or tack-studded belt. We were designed to suffer. We are not quite whole men until we do. It is a valuable Anglo-Saxon tradition which holds that there is virtue in stubbornly enduring that which troubles the flesh. Remember little Tom Brown freezing on the coach top that icy morning he sets out for Rugby, and grimly enjoying the torture?

Sometimes cycling brings us briefly into contact with that fear-filled world our primitive ancestors knew, where to the ache of exhaustion was added the knife of panic. I was once riding in the foggy pre-sunrise gloom of a cold spring morning bound for the early ferry to Martha's Vineyard. Through frosty quietude I was pushing along a smooth tar road when suddenly I heard a whispering chorus of swift padding paws behind me. I looked back to see five large dogs at full race. Had they uttered bark or snarl, however savage, they would have lessened the menace their nightmare silence held. I was instantly mentally paralyzed with a panic fear, utterly incapable of thought. But my body, wise with a prehistoric wisdom, knew what to do. A squirt of adrenalin went into my bloodstream, and my supercharged legs adequately responded. The pack, for all its swiftness, got no nearer than its initial rush. But it was many months before I had the last bad dream in which these silent hounds pursued me, their red tongues lolling, their straining bodies low in evil purpose.

III

But the joys of cycling—I say joys advisedly, for there was a strange tense excitement in that pre-dawn chase—can be other, and softer. I have had the good fortune to live near Plymouth County, Massachusetts, and that, as Dr. Atkins felicitously says in a footnote in the "History of American Congregationalism," ". . . is a lovely region in which the old is treasured and restored and the quiet roads wind through three hundred years of memory." On the very road where I had another chilling experience with dogs, the bane of cyclists (it was two red-eyed Borzoi this time), there stands a little tablet on a roadside mound informing the infrequent peruser that here the Church in Middleborough once stood. The scrubby pines lean in upon the cleared patch, the thin traffic rushes by, and there is little to aid the imagination in restoring the pre-Revolutionary meeting house, filled with farmers and their families, listening gravely (save for "ye wretched girls who larfed in meeting") to a sober and a sound discourse. Yet it is pleasant to prop one's wheel against a pine, lie back on the soft grass, and "take the benediction of the air" on the sweaty face while dreaming of a past far gone and very good.

On this road, too, is the little burying ground at Plympton where there is an epitaph I like. "Here lyes the body of Mr. John Wilson, pastor of the Church of Christ in this place for forty years."

It is a sentence pregnant with the unsaid. The pride of settlement, the inevitable altercations with the town over salary, the conflicts which unfailingly arose from a lifetime spent in one pastorate (no easy moving on from the scene of one's maiden mistakes) and the sipping in twilight of the mellow wine of the contemplation of a life spent in good works and faith as shepherd of Christ's flock—of these things nothing remains but this sparse and mossy marble memory, half-hidden by the tall brown grass. South of Plympton on this venerable path lies the town of Carver, named in honor of John Carver, first governor of Plymouth Colony, who in the days of the spring planting (for not even the old and honored were spared toil), cried as did the Shunammite's son, "My head, my head," and died. Says Bradford: "In this month of Aprill when they were bussie about their seed, their Govr. came out of ye field very sick, it being a hott day; he complained greatly of his head, and lay downe, and within a few howers his sences failed, so as he never spake more till he dyed, which was within a few days after, Whoss death was much lamented, and caused great heaviness among them, as there was cause."

The space would fail me to tell of all the treasures of the roads of the Old Colony: of the heroic statue of Myles Standish in Duxbury, where "Captaine Shrimpe" broods watchfully over the town he guarded so well in life; (if you linger in Duxbury you will not be spared the wretched pun which insists that this is the world's tallest monument—"It's Myles in the air"); of the puritanical pines and the cavalier maples that clash in chromatic conflict on the October hills of North Marshfield; nor of the unceasing surf that thunders against the cruel granite of Cohasset, where Henry Thoreau, bound for Cape Cod, paused to see the wreck of the Irish brig *St. John,* made his cool, reporter-like observations on the death of 145 immigrants, and then ended his account with a blaze of mystical prose. (While "Walden" bears the palm, Henry's boating and walking trips, recorded in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac" and "Cape Cod," have great merit and ought to be better known.)

Yet though I may not discourse at length on these matters, I make one final observation. You cannot truly see or know a territory from a car: you go too fast, you are insulated from the smell and sight and feel of the land by much rubber, steel, and glass. Walking brings you closest to the subtle and important things, but its range is too limited. The bicycle blends something of the speed and range of the car with the intimacy of walking. So get yourself a wheel. And who knows? —with a better body you might be a better preacher; sinewy legs might make for sinewy sentences.

BENEDICTION

Go with thy people, God of grace,
And make their homes thy dwelling place;
Be near to guard in hours of stress,
Teach them the joy of holiness,
And may the order of their days
Become an instrument of praise.
From doubt and fear provide release
And fill them with thy perfect peace.

UNA W. HARSEN,
Haworth, N. J.

Ministers of Tomorrow

Their Duties and Training

The Rev. Prof. Horton Davies, M.A., B.D. (Edin.), D.Phil. (Oxon.)

Head of the Department of Divinity in Rhodes University College at Grahamstown, South Africa; author of "The Worship of the English Puritans"

THERE is no vocation more misunderstood than that of the Christian ministry. Sidney Smith, himself a cleric, said there are three sexes: men, women and clergymen. A favorite figure of fun in the music-halls is the pale, embarrassed, simpering curate. One of our most popular ballads selects a parson as the perfect example of a time-server, the Vicar of Bray, who changed his political convictions with every change of government. Yet there is another tradition, equally well authenticated, from Geoffrey Chaucer to Alan Paton (including Goldsmith, Crabbe and Praed), which presents the minister as a servant of God and man, sincere, modest, sacrificial and beloved. Indeed, there are, as in every profession, good and mediocre men in the Christian ministry. In view of the highness of the calling, the wonder is that so many are outstanding.

What impels the choice of the ministry as a vocation in life? Many considerations play their part, both divine and human. There is usually a divine dissatisfaction burning in a man's bones and a deep humanitarianism. For the minister is something of a prophet and a social-worker combined. Like the prophet he sees men flagrantly disregarding God's plan to achieve community in Christ and sees everywhere an internecine civil war: the individual divided within himself, class fighting class, race dominating race, and the Apocalypse of the Atomic Bomb as the frightening symbol of man's self-destruction. Like the social-worker he wishes to rehabilitate men and women, to care for them, not as ecclesiastical scalps but as children of God who have a right to a life of dignity and freedom in the family of God. Other motives, of course, play their part. He may have a sonorous voice which his friends say will sound well in the pulpit. He may picture himself as a leader of men. An insight into the claims of the ministry may be given in the words of Dick Sheppard, the most famous parson of the present century, whose Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was known as "the parish Church of the British Empire." These were his ideals for St. Martin's:

> I stood on the West steps and saw what this church would be to the life of the people. There passed me into its warm inside hundreds and hundreds of all sorts of people, going up to the temple of their Lord, with all their difficulties, trials and sorrows. I saw it full of people, dropping in at all hours of the day or night. It was never dark, it was lighted all night and all day and often tired bits of humanity swept in.

The ministry is a challenging and glorious career, but it has nothing to offer the man who wants good pay, regular hours, comfortable superannuation, and a soft job. No group of university-trained professional men gets smaller salaries ("wages" would be a better name for their pittance). A parson is never off-duty. He is expected to hide his own cares and sorrows as he takes the burdens of others upon his over-loaded back. Often, when he is worn out in service, he cannot retire

because he has been unable to save anything from his salary. Yet there is no more satisfying career than the ministry because as our Lord said, "He that loseth his life for my sake and the Gospel's, shall find it." Others may demand their 10 per cent, but the servant of God is privileged, like his Master, to go on giving.

I

What are the prospects for the ministry on the future? Difficult, undoubtedly, but therefore full of opportunity. It has been suggested by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr that the modern equivalent of the Tower of Babel is the Empire State Building in New York.* Our civilization has become desperately materialist, and in this situation the minister is like a commercial traveller who sells spiritual good that nobody wants to buy. And yet I believe that it is only in man's superficial moments that he wants gold; in times of crisis it is God that he seeks, even if it is the "Unknown God." Only in crisis are the fundamental questions asked: what is the meaning of this universe and this life? Is death a tunnel or merely a terminus? It looks at though our civilization is heading for crisis. That is only another way of saying that it is heading for God: for man's extremity is God's opportunity. "Out of the depths I cry to Thee" will be the cry of modern man as well as of the Psalmist. Until that crisis comes, and man feels the temporal scaffold of this life tottering beneath him, the work of the ministry will be hard, desperately hard. The minister will have to concentrate on those rare occasions in the life of the ordinary man when the crust of indifference is pierced: when he is married and idealism for once is dominant, or when his first child is born, or when bereavement comes to the home. In those moments the defenses are down and God's word may find an entrance to the soul. But a minister cannot spend his life waiting for these infrequent moments. Is there nothing else that he can do?

I want to suggest that the ministers of tomorrow will be distinguished by four characteristics. Fundamentally, their task will be the same as that of their predecessors, "not to coddle the saints, but to catch the sinners." But their methods and emphases will be radically different. In the first place, the minister of tomorrow will be a *teacher*. In the past great emphasis was laid on the necessity for conversion: in the future I believe the emphasis will be laid on edification—steady building up in the faith. Hence, ministers will cease to be evangelical alarm-clocks, always striking for decisions. The older approach was based on the view that there was only one avenue for entry into the kingdom of God: a sudden and stupendous conversion, a gigantic leap from the dark of the past into the blazing light of the present. A moment ago the sky of the soul was dark, as when the moon is suffocated in cloud, then comes the riving lightning-flash of conversion. Some souls — the great "twice-born" — undoubtedly came to God in this dramatic day. Such were St. Paul, St. Augustine, Martin Luther, John Calvin, and John Wesley. But for thousands of others, the "once-born," the path has been from dawn to noonday, a gradual illumination in the truth. I believe profoundly that ministers of tomorrow will build up their congregations by sound doctrine, not by emotional fireworks. They will not frighten men into the kingdom; they will attract them to the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

II

In this teaching ministry their task will be twofold: defense and exposition of the faith. The man of God will have to defend the Christian faith from the attacks of its adversaries. Like the Christians of the catacombs, the Christians of today must not only outline, but also outthink

*One might follow up the suggestion by remarking that here in South Africa the Union has reverted in these days to the worship of the Golden Calf, even if it has an incongruous chain of diamonds about its neck.

their opponents, whether they be Communists, psychological behaviorists, scientific materialists, or even the upholders of strange new sects that are dangerous dilutions of the historic Christian faith. The best defense is attack and the strategists of the Church must again become militant, fighting for the minds of men, that they may bring them into the captivity of Christ.

Social justice and interracial brotherhood were both the by-products of Christianity, though the Marxist and the Muhammadan got the credit. If the Churches practice these principles they will have robbed the enemy of his sharpest weapons.

Furthermore, with the increasing spread of University and secondary education, we find a second argument for a teaching ministry. The old confident dogmatism will have to go, and in its place a reasoned and virile faith will come. The doctrines of the Christian faith will be expounded as a coherent whole, as a system of Theology.

This will inevitably involve a new emphasis in the training of ministers. The two theological subjects on which they will concentrate are Apologetics (the defense of the Christian faith from contemporary attacks) and Biblical and Systematic Theology (the exposition of the Christian Revelation). These ministers of tomorrow must be able to expound the meaning of the mighty acts of God with clarity and conviction. They must see the love of God not as an intermittent flash in the darkness of sin, like the fitful gleams of a lighthouse, but as an eternal purpose slowly and steadily unfolded under the Old and New Covenants, coming to its blinding climax in the Incarnation, the calling, the temptations, the teaching, the healing, the dying, the rising again of the glorious Son of God. Every event in that series must be entered into and its profound spiritual meaning for man extracted. Theology is literally—the Voice of God, breaking into the dereliction of the world. Above the wailing violins of human sadness, the golden trumpets of Revelation and Resurrection must sound. The ministers of tomorrow will take the sage advice of Goethe to a younger preacher: "Give us certainties, young man, we have doubts enough of our own." But these certainties must be God's Revelation, confirmed in the experience of His Church, and verified in the life of the minister. The minister who concentrates on teaching will bid farewell, a fond farewell, to resounding rhetoric, to texts that are mere pretexts, to sermons that console without challenging. Instead he will teach men and women the high privileges and deep responsibilities of Church membership and the indomitable courage of Christianity on the offensive; he will invite to a Church militant, not somnolent.

III

In the second place, the men of tomorrow will exercise a *missionary* ministry. As Dr. Brunner has said, "A Church exists by mission as a fire exists by burning." The supreme task of the ministry of Christ was reconciliation. It remains the supreme objective of his servants. Now if ministers of the future Church are to be free to concentrate on this ministry, three conditions will have to be fulfilled. First, their congregations will have to liberate them from a great deal of the routine visitation and organization that now fills their diaries. They must not be monopolized by the saints, so that they cannot go to the sinners. Secondly, if they are to preach and practice reconciliation in this dangerously divided world they must take to heart the strange beatitude of the Crucified: "Blessed are you when men denounce you" (Moffatt's rendering). If Christian ministers are going to build a transracial fellowship where there is to be neither Boer nor Briton nor Bantu, but all are one in Christ Jesus, they have to prepare for a struggle to the death against pride and inflamed prejudice. And that struggle will be waged sometimes within the very family of the Church itself. Their attitude to the color-

question will have to be color-blindness!

This will be pre-eminently a ministry of courage, a ministry in which men will take their gibbets on their backs to follow Christ. But isn't this precisely the ministry to attract our finest young men like a magnet? Is it not the mandate of the Master to make the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ? Thirdly, the Churches themselves must cease to be the preserves of the respectable and the conventional. By their priggishness they are denying the fundamental Christian teaching on forgiveness. If our Lord could welcome a converted prostitute, Magdalene of the Seven Devils, into his company, so must the Church offer a welcome to all the waifs and strays of our humanity. Compassion must disintegrate conformity. When the late H. A. L. Fisher visited the city of Boston, in the course of his duties as British Minister of Education, as he approached the famous library there was a negro on duty at the door. Fisher asked whether strangers were allowed in the building, and received the smiling reply: "Sir, there are no strangers in this country." I want to see Churches where there are no strangers, where the divisions of the world are left—where they ought to be left—on the doormat of the porch, and where all races and all classes find themselves at home. For that task only missionaries of reconciliation will suffice. Rather, we need men who have entered into the fellowship of the suffering of Christ for such a task.

Ministers will be assisted in their training in the art of reconciliation by pastoral psychology and comparative religion. But other secular studies will prove invaluable. Such are psychology itself, social anthropology (a study of the characteristics of primitive societies, urgent in a multiracial country like South Africa) and sociology (a study of the problems of modern society). But the primary need is for a well-informed compassion (literally a "suffering with") for the underprivileged of every race.

IV

Thirdly, this must be an *experimental* ministry. By this I do not mean that the minister must always be "stunting." I have, for instance, been present at a sportsmen's service, where the cross on the communion-table was displayed by a Rugby football. That is a cheap and nasty form of attracting attention. But I want to see the ministers of the future rushing whenever they hear opportunity knocking at the door. I want to see men who will employ every modern technique for commending the Christian faith. They will take the film-studios in thrall, so that the Light of the World as he walks on the hills and beside the lakes of Galilee will irradiate the darkness of our modern cinemas. They will make Christ everyman's Contemporary by the dramatic devices discovered in the use of the modern radio, interspersing dramatic interludes in their services. They will not regard the type of service known as the "sandwich" — in which the prayers and the sermon are the "fillings" and the hymns the "bread"—as sacrosanct. They will compel the attention of men by every known method, whether it be the Brains Trust, the Quiz, the Debate (between a Christian and an unbeliever), or the Open Forum (in which the minister descends from the Coward's Castle of the pulpit). At the great festivals of the Christian year, they will use eye-gate as well as ear-gate for an entrance to the minds of the congregation. Once again drama will come back into the house of God, and art will return to the sanctuary instead of mere decoration. If these ministers of the future are experimenters, I believe that the customary indifference on the faces of the congregation will disappear, for the Church will be again the laboratory of the Christian life and not the dusty tomb of the conventional. Certainly, if the ministers of tomorrow are to win the churchless multitudes back to the fold they will have to stab them awake with exciting experiments in evangelism. And Churches must again become the com-

munity-centers of the friends of Christ with a vigorous family life, pulsating throughout the week.

Finally, I believe that this ministry must be *ecumenical,* that is, the united teamwork of the ministers of many denominations, working for the establishment of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church that is to be. There will be burned into these servants of God the absurdity of calling men to the one Christ from many altars, of believing in reconciliation and being themselves unreconciled to one another. These men will be pained by the gaping wounds in the Body of Christ.

Already I have referred to the main subjects, both theological and non-theological, which will form a large part of the training of the ministers of tomorrow. I must, however, briefly refer to the important practical training. Instruction is to be given in pastoral visitation, Church law and procedure, and in conducting worship. A large part of his training will not be formal at all. The debating-hall and the sports-field also play their part in moulding a man who is to be a friend and counsellor of all sorts and conditions of men.

The ideals which I have outlined are not hopelessly Utopian. They are, in fact, the aims that have inspired the interdenominational Department of Divinity at Rhodes University College in which I and my colleagues collaborate in training over forty men and women, from nine different Christian Communions, to be the Christian teachers and ministers of tomorrow.

Launch Out

The Rev. Samuel M. LePage
Stockton, Kansas

Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught—Luke 5:4.

OUR Lord on one occasion spoke to the multitude from a ship that was anchored near the shore of the lake. When he had ceased speaking he said to Simon Peter, who seems to have been the owner of the boat, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." Apparently there was nothing unusual in the request since it was a fishing boat and the owner was a fisherman. None the less the request came as a surprise to those fishermen. They had toiled all night and had visited all the old familiar places in their search for fish, and had taken nothing. The fish simply were not running and the fishermen had already recognized that fact. And perhaps it was because they were a bit disappointed over their ill luck that the Master made his request. Simon Peter and the others must learn, sooner or later, the lesson that it pays to have faith in God and venture forth wherever He may direct.

This is indeed a lesson that we all need to have brought to our attention occasionally. We too are apt to visit all the old familiar places and then if we find no fish conclude that we have done our best. After we are middle-aged we prefer our ease and are not willing to do more than we absolutely must. We are contented to do our fishing near the shore and lose all desire to go out into the deep waters. I think I know some people who have reached the fifties, who would worry themselves to death, if they were compelled to move from their comfortable homes and start over again in some new occupation. Fortunately for us it is not often necessary to go so far as that, but we do need to be occasionally jarred loose from our accustomed habits.

Youth is the time for venture. The

fledgling, after it gets its wings, is not content to remain in the nest. It has the urge to fly farther and farther. At times it may, in its inexperience, venture too far afield and be lost, but usually it gets back to the home nest. At first it may be very loath to try its wings. The mother eagle must sometimes actually push its offspring from the crag on which the nest is located, in order for it to venture out for the first time. But after one or two tries it is off and away. Such is the spirit of all youth and it is well that it is so. Our problem is to help those who have met with the disappointments and the failures of life to keep on venturing. All too often they sit down with an "ah, what's the use" and are not easily persuaded to try once more.

I

It has been the spirit of venture that has caused the world to advance and our civilization to grow. I am always ready to take off my hat to the pioneers and those who have followed successfully their dreams. Columbus, the early explorer, in the spirit of daring and of faith crossed the Atlantic Ocean and discovered a new continent. The Forty-Niners forsook their homes and their friends, to make the hard, overland journey to California. They were inspired by the hope of finding gold and a fortune. They were also impelled by a restlessness within which drove them out. They had the spirit of venture and perhaps some had a desire to break away from restraint. The established society of the Eastern part of the country did not appeal to them. They wanted to get out and experience the new and the untried. And it is that spirit that has made for progress and developed our country.

For the sake of the future we hope that America will never lose its pioneers. There is no more free land to be homesteaded and the waste places to be developed are no longer numerous, but we must retain the spirit of venture. The reason for making this assertion is that sometimes, in our sober moments, we wonder whether the spirit of daring is not disappearing from our American life. We have passed through a devastating depression and we are afraid that there may be a recurrence. The conversation on the street, and in the factory, is about security, old-age pensions and the duty of the government to provide jobs for all. We seem to be becoming effete, like some of the older societies of Europe, with our spirit of venture gone and our faith in our own initiative dissipated.

There is another disturbing feature found in our present-day social trend. The number of crimes and misdemeanors seems to be on the increase. Each daily paper brings an account of something new in crimes. There are highway robberies, high-jackings, arson, murder and other crimes almost too numerous to mention. Of course there have always been crimes. There were in the old days, stagecoach robberies and cattle rustling, but these were isolated and rare occurrences. Could it be that the present increase in crime is but a dying gasp of that old spirit of venture which has been stifled and therefore perverted? In an earlier day the spirit of restlessness was pretty apt to find expression in going west or in prospecting for gold. Now those old outlets for our spirit have ceased to be and we somehow have not been able to find anything to take their place.

II

Society is quite apt to become staid and stable, and the more staid it becomes the more willing are people to sit down and make themselves comfortable. Sometimes I think it would be a good thing to have an occasional revolution to upset all our old institutions so that we might be able to start all over again. We are too apt to keep alive the outmoded and cherished traditions. Gustav LeBon, in a little book entitled "The Crowd," says that, "Neither a national genius, nor a civilization would

be possible without traditions. In consequence man's two greatest concerns, since he has existed, has been to create a network of traditions, which he afterwards endeavors to destroy, when their beneficial effects have worn themselves out. Civilization is impossible without traditions and progress impossible without the destruction of traditions." So we need stability and we need venture. Ordinarily we fish in the old haunts, but there come times when it is necessary to venture out into some new place. It is all a matter of being able to judge time and circumstances and know when the situation calls for the new and the untried.

Ordinarily we think of Our Lord, and the Christian religion as being altogether conservative. The Church seems to be always favoring the "status quo," because the law is based on society as it now is. On one occasion a certain lawyer stood up and tempted Jesus, by asking, what shall I do to inherit eternal life. And He said unto him, what is written in the law how readest thou." That would seem to indicate that the founder of our Christian religion based his whole contention on the keeping of the law. But if we at all times observe the law and the traditions how can we hope to make any progress? Would not our society become static? The pioneers have always been irked by the staid and stable element of society and the staid and the stable have sometimes been glad to be rid of the pioneers. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale College, in thinking of some of these pioneers, said that he thanked God that there was room farther west. They were, he said, a lawless and troublesome element. But that same troublesome element, it was, that opened up the western territory and laid the foundation for the future progress of the country.

III

Religion must of necessity take the conservative side of most questions. Its conceptions of right and wrong are based on established customs. It admonishes us to keep the rules that have been laid down, for that is the only way to play the game fair and square. Sometimes it is quite apt to question some of those ventures which in the end make for progress. Why should any one risk his life for a few extra miles of speed that may be developed in a new type of machine? Why should the "test pilot" try the daredevil stunts that all too often result in his death? An Ohio School Board, in 1840, refused permission to use a school building for a debate on the following question, "is it possible for a locomotive to travel at the rate of fifteen miles an hour?" The Board argued that it was a senseless question, for if God had intended that man should go so fast, He would have provided him with wings. Many other such illustrations could be found by perusing the pages of history, but is that all there is to our Christian religion?

To judge Christianity in any such summary fashion would be manifestly unfair. After all, there is another side to be considered and when the final score is totaled it will be found that it is not so conservative as it seems. It takes it for granted that man has a restless and venturesome spirit and makes provision accordingly. It does not, for instance, oppose gambling because gambling is taking a chance, but because games of chance, as they are operated, pervert a legitimate instinct. To put money on the throw of the dice, or on the outcome of a horse or dog race that can be manipulated by unscrupulous promoters, is the perversion of a God-given instinct. There are, however, ventures in life, into which we enter with faith, and the chances are in our favor. To succeed at all means that we venture out with faith in our own ability. And the venture is always necessary in order to develop our personality.

Society is not quite so staid and stable as we sometimes would like to have it. There are always ventures and chances that we must take. Every farmer when

he sows his wheat is taking a chance. He is gambling that "old man nature" and the fluctuations of the market will enable him to come off the winner. John D. Rockefeller, as a youth, invested his savings of fifty dollars in some hoop poles floating near the docks at Cleveland, Ohio. The market was glutted and the owner wanted to get back home, so young Rockefeller took a chance and won. Andrew Carnegie, as a young man, persuaded his mother to mortgage the home for $500 in order that he might buy some American Express Stock. Since this was just a new business it was something of a chance, but it paid out in the end. Christianity does not frown upon such ventures, because it knows that it is this spirit that keeps man alive and active. It would, however, remind all and sundry that there are others with the same rights and they are not to be interfered with, but are to be treated as brothers.

IV

There are, however, other more select ways in which our religion favors venturing out. It realizes that faith grows only as it takes a chance. Sometimes it is the seemingly impossible that we are expected to undertake. Simon Peter, the chief of the Disciples, said, "Lord if it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water." Peter knew it was a foolhardy venture, but none the less he got out of the boat and started out to meet his Master. Immediately he began to sink and had to call for help. But how otherwise could his faith have been tested and his knowledge of the saving power of the Christ been made certainty? Our religion tells us that unless we are willing to venture we will never grow. Unless we are willing to forsake father, mother, wife and home we are unworthy disciples. So if you are out for a real thrill just try to put in practice the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Faith, after all, is living as though the invisible is already a present reality. Faith is taking a chance for God and for the sake of the development of our own personality. It is the doing of that which men are quite apt to say is an impossibility. The Bishop and the consistory of Seville, Spain, in 1401 met in the Court of the Elms, and passed this resolution, "Let us here build a structure, that coming generations looking upon it, will think that we were demented." And that is how the great Cathedral of Seville came into being. Christianity is always urging us to take chances and venture out if it is in a great and worthy cause. That is the way in which the world has advanced.

V

Charles L. Goodell, a preacher of a few years ago, gives a chapter out of his early experiences as a minister. He was, he says, conducting one of those revival meetings, which were more prevalent in that day than they are now. In his sermon he grew eloquent, and declared that the grace of God was able to save, even to the uttermost. No matter how low a man might be, or how deep in sin, grace could save him. There was nothing particularly startling about this declaration. Other preachers had said the same. But just then, in the back of the Church, a man stood up and inquired: "Do you mean that grace can save such a man as I am?" Then the preacher waxed exceedingly bold. "I certainly do," he said, "and if it can't I have no right to be preaching." Continuing he made this startling declaration, "and what is more I will not preach again until I know that grace has saved you." After a song the meeting was closed for the evening.

Almost immediately Goodell said that he began to feel some misgivings. What if that man should not feel the inner workings of grace in his soul and did not return the following night to the meeting? Then he would be in a grave predicament. Just then one of the church officials came up and said, "Pastor, you

made a fool of yourself in issuing such a challenge as that." The only reply the preacher could think of for the moment was, "Well, the Devil told me that before you did." All that night there were anxious moments and towards the next evening the young preacher was worried. He had heard nothing from the troubled sinner and it was time for the evening meeting to begin. None the less the meeting was started and the song service was almost over and still no word. Then just in the nick of time the door at the rear of the church swung open and there stood the man of the night before. "I thought I would never get here," he said. "The street cars were all late, but it is all right, You can go on and preach. God has saved my soul." And you can bet there was a good sermon that night, and you can also be assured that the preacher's faith grew immeasurably that night.

We do need an outlook and an occasional challenge, if our faith is to grow and we are to live a healthy normal religious life. Above all things Christianity gives us an outlook and that is what we particularly need in our day. We have kept our eyes so close to the ground that we are unable to see above and beyond. We are in danger of losing our faith and our aim in life. During the economic depression beginning in 1929, the government in Washington had to retract in order to save expenses. The office force was cut down and hundreds of clerks were jobless. As a result there were suicides by the dozen. For a great number there was nothing ahead, no prospects, no hope. If there had been the spirit of venture and faith in God this would not have happened. If these people could have heard the Master saying, "launch out," they would have weathered the storm and come out victorious.

Professor Jung, the psycho-analyst, says this about those who have, from time to time, consulted him. "Of all of those from the various parts of the world, over thirty-five, who have consulted me, there has not been one whose problem was not, in the last analysis, that of finding a religious outlook for life." And that religious outlook can be had by looking away to the hills from whence cometh our help. There are always fish farther out in the deep waters. Do you want what little faith you have to shrivel up and die? Then remain fishing near the shore. Do you want a vital Christian faith? Then venture out. The way will open up as you go along. Do something foolish for the Kingdom of God and for the sake of your own faith.

BENEDICTION

Now may that peace which passes human knowing
Enfold you
And, wisdom of the heart and mind bestowing,
Uphold you.
In God's unchanging purposes confiding
Be duly blest;
Then, in the fullness of his love abiding,
Safely rest.

Una W. Harsen,
Haworth, N. J.

The Occasion of the Dedication of the New Parsonage

September 24, 1950

Open house from four to seven for the Symbolic "breaking of bread"

The Service of Dedication at half after seven

SENTENCES OF PRAISE

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto his name.

Except the Lord build this house
They labor in vain that build it.

INVOCATION

O Lord, our Father, who seeketh men to live in the household of faith, and who art always more ready to receive us than we are prepared to enter therein; grant thy blessings upon the house we now dedicate, that it may be the haven of thy servants for many generations, so each may lead this community into thy service, boldly defending the truth, and giving a constant witness to Thy word; through Him who liveth with His people, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN God Bless Our Home Tune: St. Catherine

Eternal Father, who hast given
To homes on earth foretaste of heaven,
Whose gentle Spirit from above
Doth breathe Thy peace in hearts that love;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless our Home!

O Saviour, who didst smile to see
The bridal feast in Galilee,
Whose grace we crave on all who bow,
For life and death to take their vow;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless our Home!

O Tender Shepherd, who dost hold
Each little lamb within Thy fold,
With rod and staff who followest still
The wandering sheep o'er vale and hill;
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless our Home!

Eternal Father, ever near,
With arm outstretched and listening ear,
Whose mercy keeps, whose power defends

Our sons, our daughters, and our friends,
While here we bide, or far we roam,
Hear this our prayer: God Bless our Home!

—Robert Freeman

(No. 1100 in "Masterpieces of Religious Verse"—James Morrison, Ed.)

INTERPRETATION OF THE "BREAKING OF BREAD"

(This is taken from the service by H. H. Saunderson in "Pulpit and Parish Manual")

ANTHEM "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away"—Luke X: 25–42

*ACT OF DEDICATION

This parsonage has been presented as a home for the minister of this Church and his family. In behalf of all those whose labor and gifts have made this possible, I now present this house to you who minister here—and to all who shall be here in the years to come.

*LITANY OF DEDICATION

Leader: Let us join in the dedication of the work of our hands and hearts.

People: *In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, we dedicate this house.*

L. For the place where the minister and his family may experience life with its joys and its sorrows, its pains and pleasures;

P. *We dedicate this house.*

L. For the place to grow and live and die in company with Thy Holy Spirit as a unit within Thy kingdom;

P. *We dedicate this house.*

L. For the fireside where all our hearts may be unburdened before thee, O God;

For the walls which hold within them the confidences of confession;

P. *We dedicate this house.*

L. For the joy of fellowship with the many, and for the privacy of home life, that the minister's family may have all the privileges of being a unit in itself;

P. *We dedicate this house.*

L. For the study of God's holy Word, for seeking his will and purpose, and for the meeting of minds and hearts in planning his work at home and abroad;

P. *We dedicate this house.*

SOLO "Bless This House"

*PRAYER OF DEDICATION

HYMN

*SERMON

HYMN "Now The Day Is Over"—Choir

BENEDICTION

*These parts were taken by the visiting ministers.

The Lost Art of Walking

The Rev. Charles M. Crooks
Lexington, Mass.

THE Editor of this QUARTERLY has asked me to write about the lost art of walking. I think he fears that there is a real danger if it passes too largely out of our life. We appreciate the convenience of cars and do not know how we would get along without them, but when people get into the habit and even feel the necessity of taking a car just to go around the corner, cars may cease to be a benefit and become a peril. Walking is a primitive simplicity and benefit of life that should be kept just for its own sake. Life would not be life as it should be without it. An understanding of this may well be in all our minds. While we recognize the value of all the gadgets of modern civilization, we prefer to retain so far as we can the simple mode of life.

Walking enters into a minister's life in his calling. Normally he spends the forenoon in study or the office. In the afternoon he goes out to make calls sometimes near, sometimes far away. A car may be at his door but many times he will prefer to walk just for the exercise and fresh air. A short walk may refresh him and a long walk invigorate him. He is better fitted for the call he is to make. He may have left behind some of the cares that burdened him and cleared away from his brain the fog which kept him from thinking clearly. He may be amazed at the restoration which the fresh air and exercise bring him. If the walking has been of necessity rather than choice, he may come to bless the necessity and feel that a real good had been done him where at first he saw only a disadvantage. Particularly a long walk may be an open door of opportunity and a resource of unsuspected advantage and value, because his mind has a chance to regain its resiliency and he has time to reflect a bit on life, events, and history.

I

The experience that he gains thus in calling may suggest a further extension of walking. He may go walking just for its own sake, to get the spaciousness of the outdoors, to feel more deeply the healing ministry of nature, to see the glory of the skies and clouds, to experience the friendliness of the brooks and trees, to hear the first note of the song sparrow in the spring, to behold the amazing glory of the foliage in the fall. Nature has a thousand aspects and the book of Nature helps to interpret The Book and The Book gives life and meaning to the book of Nature. These two should be read in relation to each other. The stability of physical nature suggests the permanence of God's rule and order, and whatever goodness human life has runs parallel to the sun's shining and the descent of the rain upon the earth. A minister owes it to himself and to his work not to stay too close to the daily round of duties however blessed that round may be. He must be among people a great deal making contacts with as many as possible and arranging details for all sorts of programs and functions, but he will do this better if he gets away from people sometimes. Too much contact may wear him thin and even wear him out.

There are times when a minister, if he is sensitive, is tempted to carry too many cares, and some refuge in the out-of-doors as far away as he can reasonably get, is food for both his soul and his body. He

comes back from such a walk it may be more poised and resourceful to take up again the immediate tasks.

So the habit of some regularity in his walks begins to take shape in his program. He finds when he can best get away and he finds also how long a walk is possible and how long a one yields best returns. He wants to go far enough so that his mind begins to react freshly and he begins to have new thoughts. He does not want to go too far so that his body becomes heavy with weariness. He will experiment until he finds the program that is best for him personally.

What are some of the inspirations that will encourage him on such a course? The young minister will not think of it but long life with good health may well be the first of these inspirations. When we see an elderly man who has retained these, we may well think we would like such an end. Young men may take good health as a natural gift and without intention follow a course that leads to ill health or sickness. Provision should be made against such a result.

II

The second inspiration will be the gaining of a mature mind and a life experience. The older men should have a kind of usefulness that is not possible for young men. If health is retained and life is lived normally, this maturity and ripeness should follow. Some degree of honor and dignity should belong to older men and young men may well plan a program and follow a course that will lead to it. It should be a reward in itself.

Then there are the inspirations outside one's self that may come early or late in life. I remember one that came quite early. I was walking along the road returning from some distant calls when I had neither horse nor car and I came across some fringed gentians by the roadside. The sight of that beauty made an impression on me that I have never lost. The Power also that made beauty loves beauty and is Himself more beautiful than the beauty he has created.

Or again in the springtime, any springtime, when you hear the first note of the song sparrow. Who taught the song sparrow to sing? What Power lies behind that note? Le Gallienne has said

> There is something the song saith
> Which makes me unafraid of death.

III

One may well think that physical nature is a thin veil that covers a beauty and power beyond any significance that we can understand. I have been led to believe that what is highest in spirit is deepest in nature. When I know that the sun and stars do not clash with each other, I know that there is a unity in nature which appears also in the unity of thought and knowledge and in the moral order of the world. I am led to believe that tares and unfruitful branches are destroyed. External nature is a doorway to the spirit. The doorway is necessary and useful and often beautiful, but the real dwelling place of life is within the spirit.

Life is not complete without enough walking to give a man a chance to think. Each man can make his own program, but this primitive simplicity is still one of life's necessities.

There is a tradition in my family that my grandfather the day before he was married walked fifty miles to get the marriage license. I have no means of checking up on the literal accuracy of this tradition, but my grandfather was a man who was likely to do what he set his mind to. He kept the habit of walking to the end of his days. He said it tired him less than riding. There may be a secret in that. Walking may be life's primitive way of refreshing us and if we lost it we lose one of life's best gifts.

* * *

The Editor begs leave to add: this wise and engaging article was written out of a long exercise in walking. Very likely the

author has a longer pedestrian account to his credit than any other of our ministerial fellowship. He still calls that day lost whose low descending sun does not see at least five miles rung up on his pedometer, if he uses a pedometer. And he has thereby maintained the full vigor of his fine and unusual mind. A long friendship between the Editor and the author is somewhere between these lines. We were both students at Ohio State University and in those pre-historic days, when we were amply nourished in "clubs" for $3.00 a week, and the Ohio State University was becoming better known for engineers who harnessed Niagara Falls in America and the Falls of the Zambesi in Africa, built bridges no flood could wash away, and structures in Japan no earthquake could shake down, than for its football team.

Crooks has always been fortunate in good country in which to walk, for we walked together once along the brooks in Western Massachusetts, which led us as we climbed, as all good guides must, to their sources, and from the hilltops thus attained we saw Monadnock as a vision unfulfilled. And now he may use the roads over which Paul Revere once rode and perhaps see the stone walls behind which the embattled farmers once stood.

Meditative walking has now become a highly hazardous occupation. One no longer sees the stars for the headlights of motor cars and solitudes and quiet roads are increasingly hard to find. There should be somewhere a study of the ministries of walking to English literature, for so many of its poets beat out their music to their pace. Tennyson wrote "Break, Break, Break, On Thy Cold grey stones, O Sea" in a Lincolnshire lane of a dewy morning. The Editor has always believed that sermons given form in the open have a quality no study-nurtured sermon can possibly have, and that there is a natural unity of rhythm between measured exercise and sentence structure. One may hope that walking is not even now so much a lost art as it seems to be, and that still there are sermons in brooks and melodies beyond words in the sound of the wind through the trees.

Affirmations

This one thing I do—Philippians 3:13.

I am God's child, and He cares for me both day and night.
I will fear no evil, for God is with me. His rod and His staff they comfort me.
Thou art my God in whom I live and move and have my being.
God is good. God is merciful. God forgives. God is light. God is just.
God is gracious; understanding; patient; holy; loving, and very near.
I will be quiet, and hear what God has to say to me.
I will rest in the Lord, who can restore my soul.
I will be at peace with myself; the world and all who dwell therein.
I will relax my body. I will calm my mind. I will seek tranquility of soul.
I will not harbor hate. I will have kind affections for all people.
I will think of my body as aglow with health, and all its organs functioning as God intended them.
Morning, noon, night, I will affirm—God is love.

Caradoc James Morgan,
Pilgrim Congregational Church, Portland, Oregon

Concerning Road Builders

The Editor

THERE was once in the Editor's library a little book of essays—author and title forgotten—though it may have been "The Road Mender"—which included the most delightful of chapters on the roads of England. By the grace of the writer's erudition and some magic of his pen, they became, these roads, the records of millenniums of history, the habits of a nation, the articulations of society, mapped memory, poetry and romance. There were the relentlessly straight roads which Rome built for empire; winding ways from farmstead to farmstead, hamlet to hamlet, churchyard to churchyard; there were hallowed ways for Pilgrims; in time metalled highways for coaches, and finally what motors and lorries asked for their speed and power—and the Road Mender watched it all. Since time began the road builders have been the servants and the lords of civilization and when there are no longer any roads, civilizations have vanished, and if Toynbee is to be trusted war has mostly wrecked them.

* * *

It is not so far as it seems from the roads of Rome or Britain to Advent in the Christian Year. For there is one command or entreaty, old as exile and hope deferred and hope renewed, "A voice that cries in the wilderness, prepare ye the Way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." The medieval sermon makers had a word for the development of the text. They called it "Dilation." There are no limits to the dilation of that text. It certainly associates God with man in the fulfillment of any enterprise, mutually dependent. We build the roads for His orders, never unaided, never unguided, never without the revelation of ends to be reached—orders which have foundations, whose builder and maker is God, but which for all that, without our cooperative effort will never get built.

* * *

All the liturgies of Advent assume what we so easily forget and in whose getting so much gets lost, postponed, or finally defeated; the first summons of a revelation still unrealized is a summons to repentance; a confession that somehow and somewhere we have missed the road and must find it again. All this is being stressed in our current theologies as rarely before. And if there were no voices of religious authority to call us to repentance, our own times are sufficiently, almost tragically, insistent. We need neither theologian nor prophet to tell us that we have missed the road which the Christian Gospel commands; that we have somewhere and somehow failed to build a sufficient highway for our God—yet.

There is a strange legend in the Old Testament; the story of a prophet, soothsayer, what-you-please, who got sadly off his road and, finding himself blocked, took his own blindness out of the thick skin of a little beast he rode. Then his eyes were opened and he saw the Angel of the Lord "standing in the way with a drawn sword in his hand." Then Balaam said, "I have sinned, for I knew not that Thou stoodest in the way against me. Therefore, if it displease Thee I will get me back again." Forget the mordant satire of it, that the dumbest of beasts saw more than her rider and consider the truth of it: That there are blocked ways

for society and the soul and that repentance is confessing errant steps or attitudes or enterprises and getting back in the right ways.

* * *

One service of moral and spiritual insight is to discover, indicate and illumine the unblocked and unblockable thoroughfares of life. The engineers who build our highways now take care for that. "Here or here," they tell us, is "no thoroughfare," only dead-end streets. Statesmen and leaders are not quite so wise. They need desperately a sense of the conduct of society and state which will not lead us to dead-end streets, committing us to policies which have nothing at the end of them, save perhaps a flaming sword seen too late. For one of the tests of conduct or policy would seem to be how far can this line of conduct or policy be followed and what is there at the end of it. One does not need to press the analogies of highways too far to see that there are attitudes and policies which open out as we follow them into regions always more spacious and assuring. Their ways are not blocked by devastating consequences.

Goodness is, so to speak, a thoroughfare to which humanly speaking there are no terminals. There is always a more ample goodness waiting and inviting. Ill-will is never a thoroughfare. It creates its own obstacles. It is by nature stupid and short-sighted and stumble over itself. It lacks fundamental wisdom and warps judgment. It encourages reprisals and naturally nurtures the ill-will of those toward whom it is directed, until in the end the collision of ill-wills, unless checked, is inevitable, with consequences of which history is so largely the sad or tragic record. *No* need to dilate that.

Good-will *is* a thoroughfare. It has a way of meeting an overcoming obstacle. Its judgments are sane and wise. It discovers and perfects instruments for its occasions, instruments to which it is by nature native and which are native to its needs and uses. It issues into relationships always more inclusive and blessedly created and, in the long last, sometimes the long, long last, it evokes some response of good-will, like a dawn gleam through the darkness. When good-will meets good-will nothing in right relationships is finally impossible, and the Angel who blocks the road of ill-will sheathes, along the roads of good-will, His flaming sword.

* * *

If it were all as simple as that—! Actually it is not so simple as it seems. Even if good-will were only an attitude of our own inner and untangled selves, it is not easy to achieve. For one has to reckon with the complexities of his own spirit, interwoven in inheritances and "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." One has to reckon with his lost causes, his buried resentments, his prides and prejudices, his unacknowledged fears since fear and ill-will are so near akin. All of which and much more comes to this. We need in Advent to begin with ourselves, since they are nearest to us, most accessible and should be most under our own control. The Psalmists knew that there are highways in the heart, which is perhaps the place where all highways begin; in affections and desires which thereafter reveal and realize themselves in so many ways. So much of life is a projection of the highways that first of all were in the heart, into the processes and businesses by which we get on and reach as we can the terminals which were, to begin with, only the far-seen horizons of hope, desire or purpose.

* * *

Then, next, we begin to see in retrospect or observation that Something Other than ourselves has used the highways we ourselves have built, for we become ourselves the highways. Fathers and mothers have built roads for the felicities of home life, the laughter of little children, the graces and the goodnesses, which lie like

light across all near and intimate fellowships and without which, to change the figure, society falls apart. A lawyer builds a highway for justice as he is just; the scholar for truth as he loves it. The artists build highways for beauty; musicians for song and now and then a statesman builds a little section of a highway for peace and the orders of a noble state, as though Someone with a wisdom and purpose so far beyond our own were waiting for agents and avenues, for obediences and faith and courage to fulfill His purposes.

John Pollard has written within the last year an authoritative life of Whittier within whose Quaker heart there were so many highways, because he lived and served high causes without fear or self-seeking and a strong effective and unyielding gentleness. Few biographies better illustrate the Sermon from the Hillside and the Twelfth Chapter of Romans. He was an abolitionist without rancor or equivocation. By speech and song he helped build a highway for emancipation. He made poetry of labor, made a snow-beleaguered household so timeless that its firelight still glows. He made audible for us "the still small voice of calm" and taught us to sing, whate'er our name or sign, "O Lord and Master of us all." They asked him the secret of the triumphant life. He answered "Find a cause." He might have said "Build a Highway for our God."

* * *

This is being written on the morning of the Fifth Anniversary of the founding of the United Nations, which we hoped, and still hope, would build a highway for international peace. All the church bells will presently be ringing for peace and though their music is still somewhat out of tune and harsh, they are Advent music and must not be silenced. This will be read long after their last echo has died away and the event will validate or invalidate their prophetic music. It might be, or might have been, well if they had been allowed to ring unaccompanied by Presidential addresses and the like and, for once, suggest their own meaning, ring out their own hopes, and fill the air with their own overtones.

At least they would tell us this. That it is no easy thing to build in the deserts of our embattled world a highway for the Prince of Peace anywhere, even in our own hearts. It is always a shared task. Such thoroughfares must be built by the cooperation of the wise and good, seeking for the Christian order laws, methods, agencies and institutions, native to the true spirit of it. We must not believe that this is impossible, nor underestimate the difficulty. Even the little and near-reconciliations of estranged interests need so much time and wisdom and patience. The reconciliation of estranged nations, races and deeply rooted orders, is a task which makes strong adjectives futile. When a militant order alien, apparently, to Christian ideals and appeal seems unreached and unreachable, the thoroughfare does seem a dead-end street. But the music of the bells is meaningless unless there are terminals beyond the impasses in which we seem to find ourselves.

* * *

The bearing of all this upon the Advent message of the Christian pulpit is direct. It has a mandate which should lift it above the confusions and incriminations which fill the air. One is not sure that it can have a program. It can at least maintain a purpose. It inherits the vision of the Christian order and that vision must not be dimmed. It knows the far reaches of the Christian way and there is no other way to the realization of the Advent hopes. If it can, for a little, do no more than help entangled folk to build the lesser highways of kindness and neighborliness and shared experience which have always carried the timeless traffics of life, it will be fulfilling its office.

The Christian order grew that way to

begin with. Perhaps that is the way it must go on, for none of these are dead-end streets. Follow them far enough and bravely enough and they might lead us into a neighbor's world and we should hear again and clearly the music which the angels sang.

* * *

It is not very likely that this issue of the QUARTERLY will reach its readers in time for Thanksgiving, which makes no great difference for its readers are perfectly competent to manage their Thanksgiving services for themselves. It will reach them in time for Forefathers Day, if that anniversary is any longer generally observed, and there is now another book dealing with that historic voyage and landing and first winter. "The Plymouth Adventure," "a chronicle novel of the voyage of the *Mayflower,*" by Ernest Gébler, Doubleday and Co., 1950. The author acknowledges that it is a romance, but it is soundly based with a wealth of documented detail. No other book, perhaps, has so nearly made the voyage and the landing so vivid. For a time like this it is a manifesto of faith and courage. They also, 102 of them, built in the wilderness a highway for our God and, though half of them died the first year, their gravestones, now so nearly irrecoverable, are guideposts.

Three Prayers

These three prayers were written by children in the Community Church, Marshfield Hills, Massachusetts. They are lovely children so beautifully taught and led by Mrs. Elizabeth Hagar.—THE EDITOR.

Prayer by Nancy Ela, Age 12

Dear God, we praise thee for all the good things thou hast given us.

We thank thee for helping us to be kind, honest, and clean.

We know thou wilt forgive us for the unkind things we have done.

Help us to remember to be loyal to our families and neighbors.

Dear God, we will try to do all these things the best we can.

Prayer dictated by class, ages 11 and 12

We thank thee for all the things that are free: the stars and moon at night, the sun by day; the beauty of the sunsets, the blue ocean and white-capped waves; the birds that sing, our green grass, and pleasant shade of trees; all our bright flowers, and the coolness of our summer breezes.

We thank thee for helping us when we do wrong or are in trouble.

Forgive us our thoughtless ways, and help us to be more thoughtful and more kind.

Prayer verse by Pamela Sherman, Age 11

Oh, dear God,
We thank thee for the moonlight bright.
We thank thee for the day and night.
We thank thee for the stars above,
And for your everlasting love.

On Cultivating the Minister's Devotional Life

The Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

Pastor of Center Church, Emeritus. Editor of "Daily Devotions." New Haven, Conn.

IS the surmise far from the truth that much of a minister's devotional preparation is *ad hoc, i.e.,* for a particular occasion—the sermon he is preparing for a Sunday only a few hours away, or a special service of worship he has been asked to devise? Under the stress of the occasion he endeavors to throw himself into a devotional mood, and the quality of his product depends upon the depth or reality of that mood. Too often, even though sincere, it is evanescent and, once gone, almost impossible to recapture.

The best soil, deep and fertile, wears out after producing crop after crop, unless it is fed. St. Paul spoke from personal experience when he pointed out the danger of himself becoming a castaway after having preached the gospel of salvation to others. (I Cor. 9:27.)

How is the field of the minister's soul to be kept fertile without cultivation? The habit of devotion does not come about automatically. It requires a self-imposed discipline. Such discipline may not need to be as rigorous as that outlined in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, but, nevertheless, its effectiveness depends not only on wistful desire but also on persistent diligence.

The method outlined in this article is based on personal experience and may not be suited in detail to any one else because of difference in temperaments. However, it gives a general outline of the main steps that must be taken if a devotional habit is to be formed which is an end in itself in the sense that it is independent of any particular demand of one's ministry, though contributing, perhaps unconsciously, to that ministry. The more unconscious that contribution, the better.

As the first step, I know of no other way for the young minister than to steep mind and soul in the devotional literature of the ages—that of the ethnic religions as well as Jewish and Christian. There is a golden thread running through them all and binding them together. The heart of mysticism is experience of the Eternal. Mystics may be poles apart in their theology, but when they have attained the Divine Vision they speak the same language. Sometimes they are incoherent, words being too fragile and limited to contain or express the rapture of their experience. But the words that have survived and have framed themselves in prayers and meditations that have come down to us, polished by praying lips through centuries of use, until every extraneous syllable has been smoothed off, become the warp and woof of the devotional mind.

A bibliography of such material would more than fill this issue of the QUARTERLY. The scantiest ministerial library probably contains enough volumes to afford a beginning. Whether they are read and digested inwardly is another matter. My own early environment conditioned me to the use of such meditative devotionals as St. Augustine, Theologica Germanica, Tauler, Ekkehart and á Kempis. Later came such books as Law's Serious Call, Coleridge's Aids to Reflection and Brown's Religio Medici. For many years the Oxford Book of Mystical Verse has been a constant table and often pocket companion. Robert Ernest Hume's Treas-

ure-house of the Living Religions contains a wealth of selections from the mystics of the reflective Orient.

And then, of course, there is the Bible, from which one inevitably culls a "Little Bible," the heart of which is the Psalms. This is so obvious that it would not need to be mentioned were it not for two dangers. One of these is the fact that the most precious passages of Scripture may become so familiar that the mind slips over them without making spiritual contact. Candid Roman Catholic priests admit that the daily office of the Breviary tends to dull appreciation of the words they read, and the conscientious devotee must console himself with the thought that his faithful adherence to his Rule is in itself meritorious.

The other danger is that already referred to—the habit of constantly scouting for sermon texts. Every preacher scouts for texts and utters shouts of joy when the trail grows hot. But to subordinate devotional discipline to such a purpose is to turn a spiritual adventure into a utilitarian and somewhat humdrum search. The aim of devotional culture is personal communion with the Eternal. It is a good in itself. A soul thus nurtured will bear fruit according to its fertility, without anxious concern for a special crop due to ripen at a given date.

There will come a time when a spirit thus nurtured will strike out for itself on the road of meditation, using Scripture or thoughts expressed in extra-biblical literature as a starting-point, indeed, but supplementing them with personal cognition and experience. It is something that cannot be forced, but which, if followed patiently, brings one to the point where thoughts that amount to revelations, and words, phrases and clauses unfold and expand themselves in free-flowing motion.

Take, for example, the Lord's Prayer, so often recited without apprehension of its profound and august meaning. In the morning before plunging into the day's work, in some hard-won period during the day, at night while wooing sleep, allow the mind to linger, lovingly and questingly but without stressful effort, on the several petitions of the great Prayer. The result may be something like this:

"Our Father" — Whose creative love formed the earth and the world, made man in thy image and breathed into him thy breath of life;

"Who art in heaven"—Who inhabitest eternity, who dwellest in the high and holy place, yet with them also of humble and contrite hearts; who knowest the end from the beginning and hast thy Fatherly purpose for the children whom thy love has created;

"Hallowed be thy name"—adored and revered by thy children, honored and kept spotless by their walk and conversation in holiness and righteousness;

"Thy kingdom come"—thy kingdom of righteousness, brotherliness and peace; the desire by thy loving purpose proclaimed to mankind by thy Son from whose lips his disciples learned this prayer;

"Thy will be done"—thy loving and fatherly will, all-powerful yet eternally patient in thy desire to have thy children learn it through trial and experience, obey it in freedom and so enter into the glorious liberty of the children of God;

"On earth as it is in heaven"—here and now, in personal life, in government, industry and social relations not our will but thine be done. But what is thy will, O Lord? So often it seems to be hidden from us. We stand at the parting of the ways where not only two choices but many lie before us. Father, show us the way. Create in us an instinct for the right, and having made the choice help us to follow it to the end. So shall thy will be our peace.

"Give us this day our daily bread"—not in surplus hoarded for ourselves, but sufficient for our daily needs, with enough to share with those who are in want, that no child of thine may suffer hunger in this good world of abundance. And feed us, too, with the Bread of Life, so freely offered by thy Son;

"And forgive us our trespasses" — I acknowledge and confess to thee, O Lord, that my heart is not united to fear thy name. I love thee but so often I disobey thee. I do things that I know are evil, and I neglect to do things that both reason and conscience tell me I ought to do. Have mercy on me, O merciful God. Cast me not away from thy presence. Restore a right spirit within me;

"As we forgive those who trespass against us"—But I have no right to proclaim or implore thy forgiveness, O God, unless I myself have the spirit of forgiveness. How dare I approach thy altar when my heart is full of bitterness or resentment against one who has wronged me, or when I know that someone has aught against me? O give me the willingness and the courage to go without delay to seek reconciliation with those who have wronged me or whom I have wronged, before I call further on thee for forgiveness;

"And lead us not into temptation"—This is a hard petition to make, O Father. It seems to belie thy nature. Can we believe that thou dost tempt thy children to evil? Or does this mysterious petition mean that temptation is a part of thy discipline? It came from the lips of thy Son who went into the desert to be tempted by evil, who, throughout his life was tempted, even in his last hours, yet was without sin. Yet how human it is for us to shrink from tests that may be too hard for us and to pray that we be not led into temptation. But is such a prayer complete unless we also pray, "When temptation comes, make us strong to resist it"?

"But deliver us from evil"—How perfectly this petition voices the prayers of all the litanies framed since men first lifted up their hands in prayer! "Good Lord, deliver us." Humanity enters into periods of reliance upon itself, builds the tower of Babel, penetrates the secret of the atom, and then becomes frightened and once more prays to One greater than humanity and yet within it. "Deliver us from evil."

It has been my personal experience that such musings never become stale or wearisome. They may be repeated again and again, and as the fire of the spirit burns, its gentle warmth unlooses and unfolds ever new meaning and richness. *Meditation is a good in itself.* Some of its fruits will be revealed in our pastoral prayers and sermons. But the real significance of meditation is that we experience communion with God.

"Let us put by some hour of every day
For holy things! . . . some little hour,
Wherein to hold rapt converse with the soul,
From sordidness and self a sanctuary,
Swept by the winnowing of unseen wings,
And touched by the White Light Ineffable."

—Clinton Scollard

Latest Recruiting Information

Chaplain Corps, U. S. Navy

What The Program Is

Under the Navy's Chaplain Corps Program, qualified civilian clergymen are appointed officers in the Regular Navy. The number of annual appointments of clergymen representing a denominational group will depend upon the vacancies existing in the chaplain quota established for that group. Where quotas are presently filled, waiting lists have been established. Exceptionally well qualified clergymen will be considered for appointment regardless

of denominational quotas. Original appointment in the Chaplain Corps is in the rank of Lieutenant (junior grade).

Opportunities Afforded

Upon appointment as a Chaplain in the Regular Navy, you enter upon a career of ministering to the officers and men of the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard.

Although your duties are primarily religious, your scope of activities is far wider than normally falls to the lot of a civilian clergyman. You live in close daily contact ashore and afloat with the young men of the Navy. And you are afforded not only the opportunity to promote their spiritual and moral growth, but also to guide and counsel them in their studies, their recreational pursuits, and in the multitude of problems that beset youth.

You will be eligible for postgraduate studies in religion and allied subjects which are afforded selected officers of the Chaplain Corps by the Navy's Postgraduate Training Program.

You will be promoted with your contemporaries and receive increases in pay as indicated in the Table, Appendix "A."

You are eligible if you are:

A citizen of the United States. If not native-born, you must have been naturalized for ten years. This may be waived on a year-for-year basis for service in the armed forces of the United States during World War II.

A male clergyman who has not reached his 35th birthday at time of actual appointment.

In all respects physically qualified, including:

Heart, lungs, and hearing normal.
Weight proportionate to height.
Good color perception.
Minimum vision 4/20 correctible to 20/20.

A graduate of an accredited college or university (4 years or 120 semester hours), and in addition have completed 3 years (90 semester hours) of graduate theological work at an approved institution.

An ordained clergyman in good standing in your denomination.

Endorsed by the authorities of your denomination.

Able to satisfy a Chaplain Corps Naval Examining Board (Convened at Washington, D. C.) by personal interview and written examination as to your moral character, general fitness, and experience.

You are not eligible if you:

Are a woman.

Are drawing a pension or disability allowance from the government of the United States; or are a member of a reserve component of any other federal military service unless you become separated therefrom.

Were separated from the armed forces with less than an Honorable Discharge.

Documents Required

You will be required to submit the documents listed below:

Birth certificate or naturalization papers.

Discharge papers substantiating prior military service.

Certificate of ordination by duly authorized denominational officials.

Three sets of photographs of the head and shoulders, size 2½ x 2½, with one front view and one profile in each set.

Three letters from persons of good repute testifying from personal knowledge to your good habits and moral character.

Where to Apply

If you believe you are qualified for this program and are interested in becoming a Chaplain, write the Office of Naval Officer Procurement nearest you for an application form.

Offices of Naval Officer Procurement are located at:
Boston, New Court & PO Bldg.
Chicago, 844 N. Rush Street.

Cincinnati, Court & PO Bldg.
Dallas, Terminal Annex Bldg.
Denver, New U. S. Customs House
Detroit, New Federal Bldg.
Kansas City, U. S. Courthouse
Los Angeles, 1206 S. Santee St.
Macon, Post Office Bldg.
Minneapolis, N. Western Bank Bldg.
New Orleans, U. S. Customs House
New York, 346 Broadway
Philadelphia, 13 S. 13th Street
Pittsburgh, Old Federal Bldg.
San Francisco, Federal Bldg.
Seattle, Federal Office Bldg.
Washington, D. C., 1400 Penn Ave., N.W.

* * *

Attendance at the meeting of the General Commission on Chaplains since the writing of this memo has revealed no noteworthy changes in either policy or requirements. The overall impression gained, however, was that all branches of the National Armed Forces will be glad to cease recalling men from the Reserve status as rapidly as new men may apply for commissions. My own frank reaction is that within the next six months men who received their college or seminary training under the V–12 program, and men who did not volunteer for the Chaplaincy Service in the last war might well consider the equity of their volunteering to render this religious service, thus giving a "break" to men who have already "stepped out of line" once and are just now getting a good start for a second time.

There were two parts of the recent Mid-west Regional Meeting held in St. Louis, Missouri, which were of special interest to ministers. The first was the session presided over by John M. Phillips of Duluth, Minnesota, in which we were all invited to consider the building of the minister, the local church, the State Conference, and the National Fellowship, 1950–2000.

The second was a panel presentation of "A Strategy for Recruiting Ministerial Leadership." Mrs. Irvin Inglis of Webster Grove presented the point of view of the parent and the home, Fred Hoskins of Oak Park, Illinois, presented the view of the pastor and the local church, John Huston of the Ohio Congregational Christian Conference Office presented the possibilities lying within the range of the Conference office, Paul Davis of St. Louis and Chicago Theological Seminary presented the views of a seminarian, Marvin Halverson of Chicago Theological Seminary presented the view of the seminary faculty and administration, and Ruth Isabelle Seabury represented the possibilities through those representing various parts of our National Fellowship. I would commend this general method of getting the possibilities of recruiting before any Association or Conference group that was sincerely interested in reviewing the possibilities of more adequately meeting the need for more and stronger ministers in the church of tomorrow. Naturally, the success or failure of this kind of a program turns upon the qualifications of the panel members. I can report with the greatest of enthusiasm that the panel members at St. Louis did a superlative job of presenting the possibilities for recruiting within their various fields.

I should not bring this kind of a personal review of things going on in the field of the Ministry without passing along to his many friends the word that Dr. Fagley is still hale and hearty and daily serves the interests of the National Arts Club as well as various special programs of the Federal Council and continuing research problems for the Department of the Ministry. I know he would want me to send his warmest greetings to you, and I feel free to do so since we continue our own friendship and concern for the ministers of our Fellowship in many a friendly conversation at the National Arts Club.

Subscription to the MINISTER'S QUARTERLY

In the month of November, as we are anticipating our support for the publi-

cation of the MINISTER'S QUARTERLY through the year 1951, we are sending a subscription form both to all those whose subscriptions run out with the current issue, and to all those who have not sent in a subscription during 1950. We invite and urge, if possible, your subscription for 1951 as a token of your appreciation of this channel of information concerning the activities of our ministerial fellowship.

"Preaching to Itching Ears"

The Rev. Albert J. Penner
The Broadway Tabernacle, New York City

IN a familiar passage, the Apostle Paul warns Timothy that the time is coming "when people will not endure sound teaching, but having itching ears they will accumulate for themselves teachers to suit their own likings and will turn away from listening to the truth and wander into myths."

There are many who maintain that such a time has now come. Charles Clayton Morrison, editorializing in the *Christian Century Pulpit* for September, 1950, writes on the unique difficulty of preaching today as follows:

"The Christian preacher confronts a situation today which is without precedent. He has to present the gospel to a society that once believed it, but believes it no more. This statement is an exaggeration, of course, for many do believe, and even among those who do not there remains a certain residuum of respect for the church and its message. But if you read the sermons of mid-nineteenth-century preachers you sense an assurance that, by and large, their auditors acknowledged the truth of Christianity and needed only to be persuaded to act upon it. This is not the case today. But the modern preacher in Western society has to present the gospel to a generation which regards it with disillusioned indifference as something outworn and laid aside. The preacher can neither presuppose a fundamental, albeit inert, acknowledgment of its truth nor hope to arrest attention as the bringer of 'good news.' The gospel, for our society, is no longer 'news' at all. It has been relegated, so to speak, from the front page to an obscure corner in the back of the paper. Large sections of the community, including more church members than we like to think, do not take seriously the offer of salvation through Christ as a realistic answer to the deep needs of the human soul. How shall the preacher address his message to a society which once believed it but believes it no more?"

Dr. Morrison's is not the only voice which speaks out in this fashion about the crisis in belief. Nor is it only churchmen who join in this diagnosis. In his book on "The American Mind," Professor Henry Steele Commager discusses the revolution which has occurred since approximately the late 80's and 90's of the last century. Speaking generally, the transition is one from "the age of confidence to the age of doubt." Under the impact of the new science he says, "God, Providence, Design, first causes, teleological ends all evaporated; such concepts as soul, immortality, free will, were seen as whimsies with which men tried to console themselves; the line between life and death like the line between mind and matter was blurred, and life itself was explained as a convenient but not very accurate term for the chemical process of oxidation."

Mr. E. B. White of *New Yorker* fame,

writing about religion in his own family, probably describes what has happened in many American families. He says, "In this house we cling to a few relics of religion, but there is no heart in it. If we possess faith (and I guess we do) it is of a secret and unconsecrated sort, ill at ease in a church. Once or twice a year we go to church as we might visit the Museum of Natural History; on a sudden impulse to see the strange sight, such as a whale suspended in air . . . the church sometimes seems painfully unimaginative in its attempt to perpetuate a faith which has been guttered by so many fires. Whether or not people are essentially less religious than they used to be, I don't know, but it is obvious that something has happened. . . . As parents we have never worked out a religious program—we just drift. I go to church once in a while and sing the hymns very loud . . . but for the most part religion is tucked away in the bottom drawer, among things we love but never use. In two generations there has been a great falling-off. When I was a child I could feel heaven slipping. My father was a God-fearing man, but he never missed a copy of the *New York Times* either . . . by the standards of 100 years ago, my family is a group of misguided agnostics, seeking after an illusive beauty and fumbling for grace on a frequency of 860 kilocycles."

Nor is this drift toward unbelief evident only among intellectuals. It is observable in all elements of our population. This is a part of the spiritual and cultural climate of our time. Masses of people find the language of Christian theology as unfamiliar as a foreign tongue. The Scriptures are an unknown book. People are cut off from vital Christian fellowship, and they have isolated and insulated themselves from any living contact with a vigorous and live Christian tradition. They are rootless. They absorb secular and material values with the air they breathe. Be ye conformed to this world is the advice most universally heeded.

It may be that the picture which I have drawn is quite distorted by the fact that I have used only dark colors and have not included any bright hues. The picture is not by any means all black. But can we question that the picture has much black in it? Can we really question that there is much in our present religious situation which should seriously disturb us?

It may help us to see our present situation from a broader historical perspective. Looking at the sweep of Christian history I think one can state that the situation of the Church and of Christianity has always been critical. Often since the days of Elijah have ardent servants of the Lord felt that they alone of all the people had not bowed the knee to Baal. Survival of the Christian movement during the first three centuries was not without its element of miracle. In the middle of the 12th century, Bernard of Cluny wrote:

> "The world is very evil;
> The times are waxing late;
> Be sober and keep vigil,
> The judge is at the gate."

Here is a comment on the English religious scene from about the year 1725. "I have lived to see that final crisis, when religion hath lost its hold on the minds of the people." And to come closer to our own time, here are words ascribed to Robertson of Brighton about 100 years ago: "I wish I did not hate preaching so much, but the degradation of being a Brighton preacher is almost intolerable . . . by the change of the times the pulpit has lost its place."

Christianity has known both its periods of ebb and also its periods of flow. To quote G. K. Chesterton, "Christianity has died many times and risen again; for it had a God that knew the way out of the grave. Three or four times, at least, in the history of Christendom the whole soul seemed to have gone out of Christianity; and almost every man in his heart expected its end." But in every instance the tides of faith began to flow strongly

again and there was a great period of inward renewal. So strong has the flow been even in recent times that Prof. Latourette of Yale University speaks of the 19th century as the great century of Christian expansion.

However, we must not permit the fact that the Gospel has remarkable powers of renewal to induce in us a mood of soft complacency: "Don't worry. Things have been bad before. It will all come right in the end."

On the other hand, we must not yield too much to the mood of despair and discouragement. We must avoid both the Scylla of an unwarranted optimism and also the Charybdis of an unbelieving pessimism. Perhaps we have been expecting too much. There is no doubt that American Christians especially expected a very great deal of Christianity. They were setting about "the evangelization of the world in this generation," and the historical movement which Prof. Latourette has traced made it appear as if Christianity was an irresistible force now on the move, onward and upward, conquering and to conquer.

In 1905, the late President Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union made a trip around the world, lecturing widely in Asia. He returned with glowing optimism and made the prediction that all Asia was on the verge of becoming Christian. Those were the days in which William Dewitt Hyde of Bowdoin wrote:

"Creation's Lord, we give Thee thanks
That this Thy world is incomplete. . . ."

Men felt that the final victory of Christianity could not be far away, and that they were about to bring in the Kingdom.

We cannot readily adjust our minds to the idea that we may have been wrong about our optimistic notions that year by year in progressively visible forms we were actually building Jerusalem in America's green and pleasant land, as well as elsewhere around the world. We have not seriously enough wrestled with the question which our Lord asked: "When the Son of man comes will He find faith on the earth?" Apparently he reckoned with the possibilty of failure. We never reckoned with the possibility of failure. To believe in the tremendous power of resistance to the Gospel seemed to us almost a treasonable lack of faith in the Gospel and in God.

What then shall we do? How shall we preach the Gospel to a society which once believed it, but believes it no more?

First of all, we preachers must believe the Gospel ourselves. That is perfectly obvious but nonetheless in need of emphasis. A few years ago some notoriety was given to a report of the convictions or lack of convictions of Congregational ministers in the Chicago area. I don't recall the specific results, but in general there was not only vast disagreement among the ministers as to what they believed but quite a number of them were unsure what or whether they believed in God or the Gospel at all.

One can have great respect for an honored teacher like Prof. John Dewey, but I could not help feeling that some of the praise that came to him from churchmen on the occasion of his 90th birthday recently indicated that these churchmen did not seem to care that he is a naturalist and humanist and that his fundamental philosophical and metaphysical position, unless I am completely mistaken, is in total opposition to the evangelical Christian faith.

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" If the preacher does not believe in his own preaching, if there is lacking the true note of sincerity (a lack which a layman can readily detect), how can he expect others to believe and become established in the faith?

When a man like Billy Graham comes around, vast crowds turn out to hear, and many stay to pray. He may be dogmatic and narrow and naïve, but he has a faith of which he is utterly sure and he announces it with the same voice of au-

thority with which Paul dared to say, "But if we, or an angel from heaven, should preach to you a Gospel contrary to that which we preach to you, let him be accursed."

In the second place, we must KEEP ON PREACHING THE GOSPEL. I am sure there will be no Christian revival by preaching anything else or anything less than the Gospel. We professedly believe in "the offer of salvation through Christ as a realistic answer to the deep needs of the human soul." And yet I have the uneasy feeling that many Christian ministers, especially those who belong to the liberal tradition, do not really know what to do with this Jesus Christ—the Gospel becomes equated with the spirit of Rotary, and modern psychology is better than salvation.

A recent writer speaks of the "wraith-like silence of the Christian pulpit in the area of Christology," and he adds, "this silence from the pulpit is not calculated to win a Christian victory in the struggle for the soul of humanity."

It is so easy to forget that we have a Gospel to proclaim. We tend to be altogether too prosaic about our preaching. The weekly sermon becomes a weekly chore; an address on religion, or ethics, or psychology, or social issues, or world affairs. We need ourselves first of all to be inspired by constant fresh reminders of the importance and privilege of our office. It is for this reason that I try to find each year a book by a Christian minister who has an exalted conception of his task. If we are to convey to our hearers something of the wonder and power of the Gospel we must ourselves feel its wonder and power.

I recommend such a book as P. T. Forsyth's "Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind," which, though more than 40 years old, is fresh and new. One of the things it did for me was that it sent me back to re-reading the Epistles of Paul. I think it would be a good exercise for us ministers if, as we sit down to work at our sermons and before we step into the pulpit, we were to read a chapter like Ephesians 3. For here Paul expresses the sense of awe that fills his heart and mind as he realizes that to him, Paul, has been revealed the divine mystery which was hidden for ages, and that to him, of all the people who live or who ever have lived, has this grace been given, "to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." If we really believe in the Gospel how can we preach anything else or anything less?

Furthermore, if we really believe this Gospel we shall not worry too much about the state of religion and the crisis in belief. Our confident secular culture is not nearly as strong as it may appear to be. Its house is not built on a rock. The earthquake shocks of recent decades reveal to many how vulnerable our materialistic, humanistic culture is. Referring to the tremendously disruptive effects of wars and major social cataclysms Prof. Ralph Barton Perry has written, "When the bomb crater is deep enough it uncovers unseen strata and forgotten deposits of the past. Similarly war pulverizes custom, releases primitive animal and human impulses, and recalls forgotten memories of the past. It disturbs minds as well as bodies. It stirs slumbering doubts. Men question what they have taken for granted—the state, the law, the economic system, the dogmas of religion, the curriculum of education, the prevailing moral codes, the cult of science, the hope of progress. . . . This present crisis makes philosophy relevant to life, and closes the gulf between the philosopher and the man of affairs." I would add that this present crisis also makes theology relevant to life, and it closes the gulf between the theologian and the man of affairs as well as the man on the street. Men are driven to think again in earnest terms about the real bases of existence.

George Bernard Shaw has not usually been classified among the "Defenders of the Faith," indeed it is difficult to classify him at all or to be sure whether he is flippant or serious. Sometimes a fleeting

incident may be more revealing of the depths of a man than an entire book. In his autobiography ("River of Years"), Dr. Joseph Fort Newton tells how he sat next to Shaw on the stage of Albert Hall in London at the great service of national thanksgiving at the close of World War I. The vast audience rose and sang the hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and during the singing Shaw appeared visibly moved. As they sat down he whispered to Newton, "I would rather have written this hymn than all my silly plays."

Our Gospel is founded upon this rock and therefore it will survive the earthquake shocks that are threatening it today as it has withstood such shocks before. People may not endure its teachings and may turn away from listening to its truth and wander into myths. But falsehoods and myths become illusions that betray men. Men may listen again to voices which once they scorned. History shows, I believe, that Christianity has never been more creative than in hours of crisis. The Gospel may become news again to a society that has almost forgotten it, and it may be our good fortune as Heralds of the Word to address its message to people who will listen to it with new attention, and a new willingness to believe.

A Ground-Breaking Ceremony Prayer

(Used at Lihue Union Church, Lihue, Kauai, T. H. September 24, 1950.)

O Thou Eternal God, who didst create man in Thine own image and call him to a kinship with Thyself, and who, by the sacrifice of Thy Son, established the Church to speak Thy judgments and to proclaim the glad tidings of Thy gracious goodness and infinite love, look upon us now as we pierce the life which Thy Providence hast sustained here in this soil. As we break this ground we would remember that Christ's body was broken for us. We would remember, too, His glorious Resurrection and the promise of the same for ourselves. Teach us here the hard lesson of sacrifice, how that only by the losing of life can life be gained, that only by the death of the wheat can a harvest be gathered. We pray, O God, that from the breaking of this ground and the building thereon of a House of Prayer dedicated to Thee, a truly abundant life of the spirit may spring forth and produce a golden harvest for Thy Kingdom. We pray in Christ's Name. Amen.

The Rev. Gayle B. Strickler, *Pastor*

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